

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." — Cowper.

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Our Dumb Animals.

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46 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Whims of the Farm-house Bees.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

"The females are called queens, not more than one of which can live in the same hive," says an observant writer upon this singular and most suggestive community. Nothing can exceed the neatness and order of their dwellings—from cellar to attic, all is sweet as a rose—not an atom of dust, not a trace of bug or fly, not a sound of complaint, not a sound of discord. Diligent, thrifty, decorous, the little people go on like clock-work, and naturally suggest the question whether all this be not in consequence of there being but one representative of femininity in any one hive! * * *

Some years ago we kept bees, and I found them very pleasant and companionable. I used to visit them frequently, and talk to them, and they evidently liked my conversation, for sometimes a "busy bee" would stay his head-long flight to listen, and would alight upon my arm, and walk with me. One of my children would be with me and I have seen many a bee, odorous of thyme, and wild clover, and honeysuckle, dotting the lit-

tle boy's shoulders. We used to call them "little friends," and had no fear of them. Indeed, people have little to fear from workers of any kind!

GOOD LOVERS, GOOD HATERS.

We have not half learned about the "Go to the ant thou sluggard," and "the little busy bee that improves each shining hour." I like bees for many reasons, especially for their eclecticism. They are good lovers and good haters—they take almost absurd likings to one person, and apparently equally absurd dislikes to another, although in my secret mind I can see a reason for the dislike, it being to persons I should dislike also, if I were a bee. I found they liked blond people better than dark; plump people better than the thin and scragged, and I think old broadcloth and old black silk were distasteful to them.

It has been doubted if bees have a keen sense of smell! This is a foul aspersion, as all fine organizations have excellent noses, and the bee in particular. If, as is sometimes the case, a demoralized community feed upon poison-ash, deadly laurel, nightshade or hellebore, the reason is to be found in some painful experience, which has turned them aside from the wholesome herbs native to their taste;

"And as the dove to fair Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream,"

so these unhappy bees must have been overcome by some fatal necessity, and absorbed that which is foreign to their natures.

It was pleasant to have these dainty adventurers alight upon my head or hand, bringing their nectarine aromas with them, and so proud of their thighs loaded with pollen, or their breasts in their cuirass of aromatic wax. They liked to have me examine their little baskets, so deftly filled, upon either thigh, and condole with them when they moved heavily under the burden.

TEMPERANCE.

There is one thing, which I have never seen stated, and which is an important point in their history. The bee is strictly temperate. I have found my vagrant doves cured of their propensity to stray by giving them crumbs of bread and sugar mixed with brandy, but I believe alcohol in any shape would have driven my bees away.

Any high liver, carrying about him a latent suspicion of wine, brandy or whiskey, each of

which were evidently repugnant to my friends the bees, no sooner made his appearance in the garden, then whiz!—buzz! darted a bee at him, who gave the alarm to his neighbors, as much as to say—"Here is something not nice, let us at him!" And they did at him, and we always had to hurry him out, greatly to his annoyance, and loath to believe the cause. The experiment of walking near the hives was tried several times, with a like result. An old gardener and his crony were obliged to give the hives a wide berth, for both of them exhaled alcohol, as the bees would none of it, and drove them out furiously. I do not think they like cologne, by their sharp movements when we carried this artificial perfume amid the sweet odors of clover, buttercup and daisy. I would not have it thought that my bees were rude or discourteous, by what I have said, but has not good old Bishop Taylor said, that "he that hath not anger, lacketh sinews to the soul," and I contend that my bees were only angry in a praiseworthy sense.

SWARMING.

At swarming time, which occurs at the advent of a young queen, she and her coadjutors hasten to beat a retreat. My neighbors made a wild demonstration upon tin kettles, pans and other resonant articles, in order to drown the clamors of the queen, who was supposed to be intent upon the utmost freedom, and might go with her young colony, and hide themselves in parts unknown; hence the object was to so confuse the new comers, as that they would settle down near at home, and be safely housed.

One lovely summer day, one of those tranquil Sabbath days that seem a foretaste of the heavenly rest, my family were all gone to church, and I, with my baby, was left at home quite alone, when in rushed a bare-footed, bare-headed urchin, crying out, "Oh! mum, your bees is swarming; I'll help you to ding the pans." I explained to him that such a noise could not be made on Sunday, and that I could get along without any noise at all, if he would hold the baby. I then fastened a fresh towel over my head and shoulders, lest they might lodge in my hair, and taking a new hive, went out. My ambrosia-loving family were hovering over the pea-vines: no sooner did I place myself near them than they settled down in one great, black, rotating ball. I then, with my ungloved hands, swept them all into the hive, and carried them to the shelf. I did not receive a

single sting, nor did the boy or the baby; the former having approached the scene with great, wondering eyes.

WAX SHROUDS.

At one time we found in the bottom of the hive several oblong pellets lying in a row, resembling little bodies in a winding sheet, which proved to consist of bugs of nauseous odor, that the community were unable or unwilling to eject, and had by a grand simultaneous effort encased in a shroud of wax.

A friend of mine informed me that his bees (he having glass hives) were panic-stricken, at one time, by the advent of a mouse in the hive. The little folks mustered in great force and stung him to death. After having achieved this much, their next difficulty was to get the monster out. A great meeting was called; a committee of inspection appointed, and it was determined to seal him up. Hermetically sealed, no offensive decomposition could take place; accordingly, with right good will, the workers bent to the task, and in an incredibly brief period, hid the offensive relic from sight, but in the bottom of the hive appeared what looked like a mountain of wax.

Notwithstanding their multitudinous eyes, I think bees do not see well; they bump ahead in a manner that implies a sense existing in them by which they shape their movements somewhat irrespective of eyes.

PRETTY SUPERSTITIONS.

There is a pretty superstition current that when a honey-bee enters a room he brings pleasant news, which seems to have come down to us from the days of Ovid, who makes a hamadryad despatch a bee to warn her careless lover that she pined in his absence.

Once, when a child, I visited an aunt in the country, where an apiary had been for years in a lovely green enclosure, under large, overhanging elms, whose graceful branches cast a tender shadow over the industrious, quiet community. Though scarcely nine years old, I was fond of taking a book and stealing away to this secluded spot, where only the birds, the squirrels and the bees ever intruded. The latter liked me, and perhaps the former, more than I can tell just now; for they alighted on my shoulders or book as they passed to and fro, and I imagined I stood in beautiful relation to all God's dear creatures.

There had been a sudden death in the family, and as there was no one who seemed to need my companionship, I sought my moss-grown stone in the apiary. Here, all was commotion. Bees flying about in wild disorder, not like swarming bees, but as if all were in the air. Some one afterwards tied black badges to the hives. I was told that unless this was done at the demise of a member of the family, the bees would desert their hives! Do not be incredulous; what power comes from simple belief, based upon a sympathy with men in all lesser creations!

PATCHOQUE, L. I., April 27, 1874.

ST. FRANCIS loved animals to such a degree that his habitual tenderness towards them attached them to him, and gave rise to numerous miraculous legends pictured in many of the Catholic churches. He believed that all created things had derived from God a portion of the same divine principle by which he himself existed, and, acting upon this belief, he was in the habit of calling everything brother and sister. When walking, he was careful not to tread upon any insect in his path, and would even pick them up and remove them to a place of safety, lest others should crush them. It is recorded of him that birds built their nests in his cell, and fearlessly picked up crumbs from his table; that when he walked in the fields sheep and lambs flocked after him, and hares and rabbits jumped upon him and nestled in his bosom.

No man ever struck a blow in anger and felt better for it when he ceased to be angry.

The Shepherd and his Dog.

Once, blithe as the lark, I arose with the morn,
From the folds to the meadows conducted my flock;
But ah! inundation soon left me forlorn,
And law, ruthless law, seiz'd the wreck of my stock.
My wife fell the victim of sorrow; my son
By money, to battle was tempted away,
My friends turn'd their backs on my fate, except one,
And he was a rough one, my poor faithful Tray.

Now thro' the wide world as I wander for bread,
My friend, my companion, he's still by my side,
Makes a warm hairy pillow at night for my head,
And is pleas'd with his master a crust to divide.
And shall I forget how his love was express'd,
As weary, benighted, and frozen I lay?
When with tenderest caution he crept to my breast,
And kept life from ebbing? my poor faithful Tray.

Tho' youth be gone by, and my arms shall no more
Enfold a fond partner, or hope-springing boy;
Tho' sickness enfeeble, and Poverty's door
Will scarce admit Hope, and be shut to all joy;
Yet Heaven is kind, and my thanks shall be paid,
That still to enliven my sorrowful way
To the sod, where, at length, my poor frame shall be laid,
It leaves me one comfort, my poor faithful Tray.

* This circumstance really happened to a farmer in Norfolk (England), in the winter of 1795. The account was in many newspapers (of the time) and Mr. Cumberland has recorded it in his prologue to "The Wheel of Fortune."

Landseer's Whip.

It was a pity that Landseer, who might have done so much for the good of animal kind, never wrote on the subject of their treatment. He had a strong feeling against the way some dogs are tied up, only allowed their freedom now and then. He used to say a man would fare better tied up than a dog, because the former can take his coat off, but the dog lives in his forever. He declared a tied-up dog, without daily exercise, goes mad, or dies, in three years. His wonderful power over dogs is well known. An illustrious lady asked him how it was that he gained this knowledge. "By peeping into their hearts, ma'am," was his answer. I remember once being wonderfully struck with the mesmeric attraction he possessed with them. A large party of his friends were with him at his house in St. John's Wood; his servant opened the door; three or four dogs rushed in, one a very fierce-looking mastiff. We ladies recoiled, but there was no fear; the creature bounded up to Landseer, treated him like an old friend, with most expansive demonstrations of delight. Some one remarking, "how fond the dog seemed of him," he said, "I never saw it before in my life."

Would that horse-trainers could have learnt from him how horses could be broken in or trained more easily by kindness than by cruelty. Once, when visiting him, he came in from his meadow, looking somewhat deshevelled and tired. "What have you been doing?" we asked him. "Only teaching some horses tricks for Astley's, and here is my whip," he said, showing us a piece of sugar in his hand. He said that breaking in horses meant more often breaking their hearts, and robbing them of all their spirit.

A REMARKABLE attachment sprang up between a white camel and an elephant belonging to John Robinson's circus. When the company started from Texas, considerable beating was required to force the camel on board the steamer, at which the elephant showed great anger and frightened a crowd badly by rushing to the scene. After they reached Cincinnati the camel died, and the elephant was inconsolable. She took her stand beside the body, and it was only with great difficulty that she could be driven away. Her moanings, too, were terrible, and after being removed she refused to eat.

It is a blessed thing to want something, for then you can duly appreciate the favor of having it.—
Dickens.

Queer Cats.

There are very many anecdotes told of horses, dogs and birds, but very few about cats; and as this is hardly fair to the cat creation, the following instances at least deserve a mention: There is a certain truckman at present residing on Second Avenue, near Fifty-eight Street, who owns a cat with some very uncatable peculiarities. She is a Malta, and about three years old. Her feature of attraction is the manner in which she greets every person that enters her owner's abode. No dog, on the return of a long absent master, could appear more joyful or frisk and caper about with greater agility than this extraordinary cat on the appearance of a visitor. If her dancing and frisking about do not at once attract their attention, she gives a succession of calls peculiar to her kind, that are certain to have the desired effect. These strange actions and cries she generally keeps up for ten or fifteen minutes and then quietly retires to her place under the stove. Her owners say that she differs in no other way from the generality of cats, but that she will leave her dinner or her kittens on the appearance of a stranger and never cease until to her thinking the rather noisy welcome is complete. And should twelve different persons call in one day, twelve times would pussy go through her peculiar greeting. Among other "queer cats" that have come under the writer's notice, was an Isle of Wight or tailless cat. Dick, as he was called, was not only afflicted with an extremely sensitive disposition, but with the faculty of expressing his feelings in his face. He never had been what is termed a sociable cat, no one save his master ever venturing further than to gently stroke his back, and not even from him would Dick put up with much. One morning before breakfast his master ordered him, rather crossly, from the centre of the hearth-rug; and his own description of the look that Dick gave him in return, as he slowly retired from the room, was that it haunted him for days after. Some time after this he again had occasion to scold the cat, and he disappeared for more than a week and presented a most dejected and forlorn appearance on his return. A month later the same gentleman, on entering his breakfast-room perceived Dick with his paws on the table and his whiskers in the milk, for which he gave him a box on the ear. Dick, unlike cats when caught stealing, slowly walked from the table to the open door, and after giving his master a long, reproachful look, walked out of the house and towards the woods, and was never again seen or heard of. Another New England cat, known as Debby, formed a life-long attachment to a canary bird, and at one time actually fought and chased away another cat that was meditating the bird for a dinner. Incredulous persons were allowed to place the bird-cage on the floor, with no other company than Debby, and watch the proceedings from a chink in the door. She would generally sit down by the cage as if on guard, but never in any way molest her helpless little companion. Another cat in the neighborhood used to annoy her mistress by constantly catching pigeons, young chickens and birds, and bringing them directly to her feet. No matter if she were receiving a roomful of company, puss, with a peculiar purr of satisfaction, would lay her prey before the lady and there leave it. Another of the feline tribe, with wonderful persistence, followed beneath his owner's carriage, after the manner of the Danish carriage-dog. This cat would never be touched by any one but his master, and by whom he was taught a number of little tricks.—N. Y. Mail.

WHAT beautiful pictures there are of the love that can exist between man and God's dumb creatures! And who would not rather see them flocking to his arms, attracted by love and affection, than fleeing from his presence through terror and fear? Let us cultivate then the love of the animal creation, and thus add to our own happiness in life and that of the beings who are akin to us by claiming with ourselves one Universal Father.

L. C. S.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]
Birds in Nebraska.

Will you take for your pleasant and useful columns a brief story from a bird-lover, about birds in Nebraska? Sometimes I envy you the abundant bird-life of New England lanes, lakes, woods and meadows; but I do not know that I would write to tell you of my envy, if I had not something better worth saying. We have birds, of course, on these magnificent and fertile prairies. We have the grouse of the plains, the cranes of the creeks, innumerable flights of wild geese and ducks in the spring and fall on their journeys north and south, eagles, hawks, owls and some small birds, native to the prairie. It is the familiar birds of the lane-sides and gardens that are not numerous—the birds that seem to have a friendship for man, and, though shy, still dwelling where he dwells. By and by, however, we shall be better off. We notice out here that every year our small birds are becoming more numerous. The reason is not far to seek. As the country becomes cultivated, robins, larks, thrushes, blue-birds, orioles, king-birds, bobolinks, yellow-hammers and many others extend their range. It may be a small, but it is a good trait, in our polity, that we protect the small birds. A law upon our statute book imposes a penalty for killing or injuring—except by the owner of land on his land—"birds that promote agriculture and horticulture by feeding on noxious worms and insects, or that are attractive in appearance or cheerful in song." And, better still, there is a strong public sentiment in harmony with the law, and small birds are fostered because the people care to have them.

Why? Because there is a recognition of their beauty, and knowledge of their usefulness. The counties adjoining the Missouri River, in Nebraska, have now been settled about twenty years. In Otoe, Cass and Nemaha counties, the farmers have established flourishing orchards and vineyards; and when the National Pomological Society had its exhibition in Boston last year, I think you would see that Nebraska orchardists can raise most appetizing fruit. These orchardists are not afraid of the small birds, neither when their trees are blossoming nor when the fruit bends down the boughs. The orchards of the counties I have named are alive with birds this pleasant spring-time. They are quick on the wing, darting hither and thither, or sending forth their cheerful notes from the trees and hedgerows. How are they living? Not by destroying the fruit, for there is no fruit to destroy. Myriads of insects are disappearing before their attacks, and myriads more will vanish before their nestlings are reared. I have been surprised at the thoroughness of the recognition of this important service by the orchardists of Nebraska. They do recognize it, encourage the birds, and consider the offence of tithing some of the plum and cherry trees, and the small fruits, more than condoned by the good work done by destroying destructive insects.

But, when journeying in the eastern parts of the State. I have noted another benefit that is being derived from the small birds of Nebraska. In your old New England, the lane-sides are delightful to the student of Nature. Wayside rock, and fences of stone and wood are overgrown with luxuriant vegetation in which the birds build their nests, and where the butterflies flutter from one flower to another. For myself, I miss these wooded lanes, where life is luxuriant and abundant. The birds are planting them on the eastern borders of this State, and will all through the country. The thrifty settler sets out his fence of honey-locust and osage-orange; and the birds, which nestle among the branches, drop the seeds of grape-vines and other fruits and flowers which germinate and grow. In a few years, therefore, after the birds become common, the now bare roads of the prairie will be fringed with the rich growth of the country roads in picturesque New England. O. A. M.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, April, 1874.

A Humming-Bird.

WHEN the mild gold stars flower out,
As the summer gloaming goes,
A dim shape quivers about
Some sweet, rich heart of a rose.

If you watch its fluttering poise,
From palpitant wings will steal
A hum like the eerie noise
Of an elfin spinning-wheel.

And then from the shape's vague sheen
Deep lustrous of blue will float,
That melt in luminous green
Round a glimmer of ruby throat.

But fleetly across the gloom
This tremulous shape will dart,
While searching for some new bloom,
To quiver about its heart.

And you, with thoughts of it stirred,
Will dreamily ask of me:
"Is it a gem, half bird?
Or is it a bird, half gem?"—*Atlantic.*

How about the Old Horse?

What is to be done with him? Or, what is to be done with a horse that is growing old? These are hard questions for a humane and moderately circumstanced farmer to answer. There can be nothing wrong in disposing of a horse ten years old, having considerable good work in him; but how old and feeble should he be before it would seem wrong to get rid of him? If one has an old horse, and he cannot well be kept, the best way is to find some humane farmer who will take him for what he is worth, and agree to keep him so long as he lives. But, if possible, he should be kept on the place, and be fed and cared for, in part for the good he has done; and he will be useful for the women and children to drive, because his ways are understood—and he really has valid claims to a living from the farm. A humane man will be certain to have a calm and reflecting mind, and such a mind will devise ways for keeping a horse or worn-out animal which a cold and cruel mind would not think of, so that nothing would be lost. Depend upon it that kindness and humanity lead to acute thinking and enlarged mental powers, because they are right, and what is right is ingenious and intellectual.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Clergy.

Mr. Bergh, in his account of his western trip, thus gives expression to "his astonishment at the want of interest manifested by the American clergy, as a rule, to this subject of mercy to the inferior animals, which is most assuredly embraced within their clerical duties, however novel it may seem, or to what extent their apprehensions of ridicule may be awakened by its contemplation. A moment's reflection only, it would seem, is necessary to satisfy their minds of the religious, as well as social relations which it bears to mankind; for it is a maxim in ethics, that 'the quality of mercy is not strained,' nor can that person be a good citizen, or an acceptable Christian, whose sentiments of compassion and humanity are partial or discriminating in their application to any living creature."—*Animal Kingdom.*

A SOLDIER of Alexander the Great, was driving a heavily-laden mule to the royal tent. The soldier, seeing that the burden was too great for the mule, took a bag from its back and carried it on his own shoulders. Alexander chanced to see the act, and was so much pleased that he called the soldier and said, "The bag which thou hast upon thy shoulders is filled with gold, take it as a gift from me; it is thine and thou art worthy of it!"
—Translated from the German.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]
A Puritan Dog.

Lizzie, a dear friend of mine, who was the daughter of an old Puritan minister of "the most straitest sect," told me some funny stories of their old house-dog, who, though living in the vicinity of pioneer woods which were full of temptations, would no more go a-hunting on Sunday than his master. He would not even bark in a noisy way at stray cattle, but preserved a grave and decorous demeanor throughout the whole day. Once his graces were sorely tried. A squirrel came frisking down from an apple-tree and ran up outside the spout by the eave-trough over the kitchen-door. Bounce made a rush after the intruder, but never uttered a sound. Though a most uproarious barker on week-days, he was quiet enough then, still every fibre of his frame was quivering with eagerness, and he sat down under the spout in a resigned way and watched and hoped in his dog-fashion for his game to come down. But the squirrel was too keen for that, you may be sure.

His master often took long journeys to the new settlements, scattered here and there through these Ohio woods, and was gone for days together. Though no one knew just when to expect him home, Bounce often met him more than a mile from the house, and testified his joy in the most enthusiastic manner. By what canine instinct he knew when and by which road he was coming was a mystery. J. E.

Dr. Chalmers.

[Extract from a Sermon.]

"I would bid you think of all that pleasant imagery, which is associated even with the lower animals, when they become the objects of a benevolent care, which at length ripens into a strong and cherished affection for them, as when in the warmth and comfort of an evening fire one or more of the home animals take their part in the living group that is around it, and their very presence serves to complete the picture of a blissful and smiling family. Such relationships with the inferior creatures supply many of our finest associations of tenderness, and give even the heart of man some of its simplest yet sweetest enjoyments. When he retires from the stormy element of debate, and exchanges for the discords of that outcry which he encounters among his fellows, the honest welcome and the guileless regards of those creatures who gambol at his feet, he feels that even in the society of brutes, in whose hearts there is neither care nor controversy, he can surround himself with a better atmosphere far than that which he breathes among the companionship of his own species. Here he can rest himself from the fatigues of that mortal tempest which has beat upon him, and in the play of kindness with poor irrationals, his spirit can forget awhile all the injustice and ferocity of their boasted lords."

A Change for the Better.

In London there has been a very great improvement in the condition of animals within a few years. Horses, dogs and cats appear to confide in man, and not to fear, which is never the case where they are ill-treated. The remarkable obedience and docility of horses is not the result of fear but of trust. Cats do not run away as they do in places where they are teased and worried. Dogs scarcely move out of people's way whilst they are treated almost with heathen respect by children. Thus it is easy to see how well they are treated, and that a change for the better has taken place since 1822, when the Royal Society was formed. L. B. U.

CHEERFULNESS is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart. It gives harmony to the soul, and is a perpetual song without words. It is tantamount to repose. It enables nature to recruit its strength; whereas worry and discontent debilitate it, involving constant wear and tear.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, June, 1874.

Fountains.

In our "review" published last month, we alluded to the erection of drinking troughs by the Water Board of Boston, but paid for by individuals. We had not then known of all such donations, and doubtless are not now fully advised. But we have heard of one erected near Grove Hall, Dorchester, by Augustus Parker, which is tasteful and ornamental as well as useful. And that is one of the beauties of this contribution to the public good, that it can serve as an ornament, and at the same time be a practical good. More than this, it is a *bequest*, and a *monument*,—a bequest to coming generations, a monument which tells of the giver's thoughtfulness for those who follow him, and while it perpetuates his memory, it is a perpetual blessing to others. Is it not a wiser expenditure of one's money than an expensive erection of granite or marble in a cemetery? Some have objected to placing the donor's name upon the fountain. Does any one object when a man endows a professorship or a scholarship in a college, and has his name attached? The principle is the same, though the amount invested is different. If a man makes a donation for the relief of sufferers by fire or flood, he does not object to having his name published in the papers.

A fountain is a generous gift for others' comfort, men and animals. Why should one object to making a record of his gift, if for no other reason than to encourage others?

We hope the present year will witness the erection of many such fountains and drinking troughs, both by private and public contributions.

Agents in every Town.

Next month we wish to publish a full list of our agents throughout the State. Several towns are not yet supplied, vacancies having occurred by removal, death or failure to report of our former agents. Will towns not now supplied, please make a nomination at once?

ANOTHER FAIR.—Our directors are considering the question of holding another fair next winter in aid of our Society. We shall be able to report the result next month.

AGENTS.—In the coming hot weather look out for overdriven and overworked animals.

A Young Agent.

A New Hampshire friend writes us thus: "My sister, in Boston Highlands, has sent her copy of 'Our Dumb Animals' to my children for several years. One of the little boys, *aged five years*, saw a teamster abusing his horse, the other day, and promptly interfered in such a business-like manner, that the driver took off part of his load, and went on without the aid of the lash."

The same writer says: "Your paper is educating a young society to which the prevention of cruelty will seem a natural instinct."

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.—Before our next issue we hope to receive an account of the Congress of Kindred Societies to be held in London this month.

Addresses by Mr. Angell.

By invitation, Mr. Angell delivered an address upon the need and work of kindred societies, before the legislature of Connecticut and others, at New Haven, on 20th ult. He also read a paper at the annual meeting of the American Social Science Association, at New York, on 21st ult. Mr. Angell was followed by Mr. Bergh and others upon the same subject.

We trust the address in New Haven may result in the passage of a better law, and in the incorporation and organization of an active Society in Connecticut. The Social Science Association, composed as it is of leading minds in progressive work, ought to exert a strong influence upon our cause throughout the country.

PENALTIES by our courts are beginning to be commensurate with the offence of cruelty to animals. In extreme cases magistrates do not now hesitate to impose a fine of fifty to two hundred dollars. No offender can now reasonably plead ignorance of the law, and hence act *deliberately* in violation of it.

An Agent's Report.

"In the spring I talk 'birds and their nests,' 'check-reins and cruel bits' all the time, faults in shoeing every time I go with my horses to the blacksmith's; these, and the general subject of kindness to animals, give me something to speak about everywhere.

"I feel very sure a better day is coming to the dumb animals from your effort in their behalf.

"I have found no need of prosecution, so far. Men have been ready to hear and do about right. I think I made it clear to them all that it is for the *interest* of all concerned to treat their animals kindly and feed them well.

"Men are slowly coming to the conclusion, too, that behind the best advice there is good, strong and reasonable law.

"This feeling will soon be so strong, I trust, that there will be no need of any prosecution, except, perhaps, where the *man* is the greater brute.

"This great work, it seems to me, the Society is doing, thoroughly and well.

"Go on and prosper, and God speed the right."

A CORRESPONDENT in Maine thus writes:—

"A large number of calves are killed and sent to Boston, that appear to be from one to two weeks old,—taken from the cows and transported from fifteen to thirty miles, without food or drink, and killed when too weak to bleat, looking poor and sickly,—killed because the owners want the milk of the cow, and are sold or given to those that bring them to be slaughtered for sake of the skin and what the carcass will bring for *food*, I fear. Now the question is, who eats it? And if bought and sold to be eaten, where is the remedy?"

We should answer, appeal to your board of health to have the meat confiscated.

Pet Members.

A new feature, consisting of the introduction of favorite animals as members of the Society, for whom their masters or mistresses pay an annual membership.

GEORGIA.—The friends of the Georgia Society were again disappointed by failing to get a better law through the last legislature. They will try again. A law was enacted, however, to protect insectivorous birds, which is a step in the right direction

A CORRESPONDENT of an exchange, says, here, in Florence (Italy), we have a "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," but want of funds, and the still greater want of public sentiment, conspire to render it almost useless.

The lower classes of this country have no idea that dumb creatures can feel, or that they have any rights that men are bound to respect; consequently, scenes are witnessed daily in the streets which would not be tolerated for a moment in any American city.

THE first meeting of the Society for Protection of Animals took place at Rome, Monday, March 2d, and about a hundred persons attended. Subscriptions are flowing in briskly, and the zeal for this new propaganda, as an Italian gentleman calls it, is spreading amongst the educated classes in that country.

THE "Dog Shelter," at Philadelphia, under charge of the Women's Branch Society, received 3,180 dogs last year, of which 2,378 were killed.

LOUISIANA has just organized a kindred Society at New Orleans.

MISSOURI Society was re-organized in December last.

The Goat's Manoeuvre.

A correspondent in Philadelphia describes a battle between a dog and goat, in substance as follows:

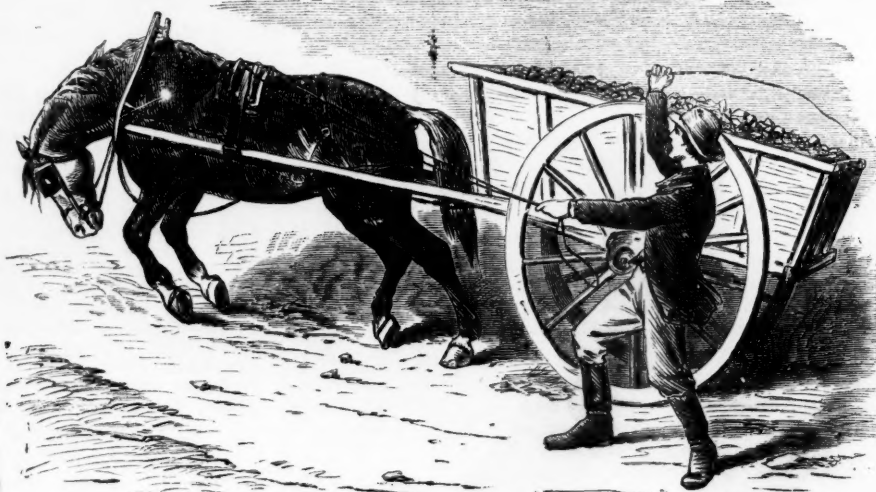
"The dog attacked the goat in the street, the goat using his skull and horn weapons, which the dog evaded by artful dodging. This continued for half an hour, when the goat adopted a new line of policy. He gradually retreated till he reached the sidewalk, when, turning slowly round, he got the dog between him and the building; he then made a final charge with all his strength, forcing the dog against the wall, nearly breaking his ribs, and this decided the battle."

Our correspondent pronounces this "good generalship."

A Trout's Recognition.

Some years ago, as we are told by a Boston clergyman, who vouches for its truth, a trout was kept in a large water-vat at the San Francisco water works. It was the custom of visitors to feed the fish with pieces of bread and meat, which it would readily take from their fingers. One of the clerks, with less humanity than love of fun, one day attached a hook to a piece of meat, caught the trout, and pulled it out of the water, but immediately threw it back again. From that day forward, the trout *would never take anything from the hand of that clerk*, although it would readily feed from the hands of any other person while the clerk stood by. This is a *true* fish story, and shows that even a trout can recognize kindness and those who betray an opposite quality.

A FEW days ago, a gentleman in Concord purchased a black horse, and took him to a livery-stable for keeping. The proprietor has a white cat which stays about the stable, but on Monday night nothing was seen of her. On going into the stall of the black horse, Tuesday morning, the cat was found cuddled up on the horse's back, sound asleep. She was taken off, and made persistent efforts to get back again, but was prevented from doing so. The horse became restless, and the cat was permitted to go back again, when she immediately went to sleep and the horse became quiet.—*Portsmouth Chronicle*.



Struggling Coal Teams.

THE above cut does not represent, very exactly, a Boston coal team, but it gives a good idea of the struggling and stumbling of the horses on our coal carts going up Beacon Hill from various directions. I have always been a matter of surprise to us, that our coal dealers had so little judgment in loading their carts when a load was to be sent up our steepest streets. No distinction seems to be made,—a *lad is a lad*,—no matter what the location. It seems a most unwise arrangement, as a matter of policy to the owner, and it is certainly a cruel practice towards the horses.

We wish our members and friends, in these locations, when purchasing coal, would make this condition, that only reasonable loads should be carried when their coal is delivered. This would have an effect in a direction where our appeals fail!

In one respect, the horse in the cut is favored. He has no check-rein, and can place his head in a natural position when drawing a heavy load. In this particular, Boston coal teams are unwisely managed. When shall we see a reform?

Illinois Society.

At a recent meeting of the Directors of the Illinois Society, Hon. John C. Dore offered, among others, the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, It is apparent that public attention is being rapidly directed to the importance of preventing cruelty, and that such measures adopted as shall tend most to the prevention of cruelty, whether by enforcement of laws or moral suasions or by education, will meet with unqualified public approval; therefore,

Resolved, That this society respectfully request the board of education in Chicago, when any change in reading books shall be made in the public schools, to adopt such series of readers, other requirements being equal, as shall have the best lessons upon humane subjects in each reader of the series.

Whereas, It is believed that whoever is impressed with the wrongfulness of cruelty to the brute cannot fail to be impressed with the duty of kindness to man, and that many and great crimes are and can be prevented thereby; therefore,

Resolved, That this society respectfully request, and would urge, if need be, the clergymen of this city and state, of every denomination, to preach one or more sermons in each year to their congregations upon the subject of cruelty to the brute creation.

Whereas, The question "What can I do to further the cause of humanity?" is sometimes asked by teachers and others; therefore,

Resolved, That in the opinion of this society no persons or class of persons are in such positions of influence, to further the cause of humanity as public, private, and Sunday school teachers, superintendents of schools, and clergymen, as with them rests the responsibility of the education of the public, and if the teachers in all schools, public and private, would endeavor to inculcate principles of humanity in the children, and if the teachers and superintendents in the Sunday schools and the clergy will seek opportunities, should they not present themselves, to inculcate these same principles in children and adults, the root of the whole matter would be reached; kindness would take the place of cruelty, and humanity take the place of barbarity.

A WISCONSIN minister has been dismissed because he built a fire under a baulky horse.

Vivisection in Europe.

As the question of cruelty to animals is one which interests all humane people, as much in Boston as in Florence, I think it only right, from my personal knowledge of what really occur here (Florence), to state one or two facts. It has been stated recently that vivisection has, after discussion, been abolished in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. That statement is incorrect. The practice of vivisection is still pursued by eminent professors in all the above cities. It is, happily, quite true that certain cruel proceedings in the veterinary school in Paris have been discontinued; but the regular studies in vivisection in aid of science have never been suspended. But I know that Professor Schiff, the head of the laboratory here, has never made an experiment upon a living animal without rendering it first insensible by means of ether or chloroform. To this must be added the praiseworthy fact that the officials of this laboratory were among the very first to introduce the use of anesthetics for such experiments.—*Florence Correspondence of Exchange.*

DRESS OF BIRDS AND FLOWERS.—Pitiful is that person who has no higher aim than the mere adornment of the body. We are to educate ourselves in this, as in other things, not as mere fashion may dictate, or this or that one suggest, but as the reasonable requirements of the case may justify. Philosophy (good sense) must be applied, so that a man may wear his coat as the quadruped wears his, naturally, gracefully, and for the service and protection it affords him. So a lady may imitate a bird, if she is bird-like, even its flashing plumage, or the more simple beauty of the flowers; but let it be, as in the case of the flowers, the birds, and the quadrupeds, without ostentation.

CASES INVESTIGATED

BY BOSTON AGENTS IN MAY.

Whole number of complaints, 95; viz.: Overworking, 2; overloading, 5; overdriving, 1; beating, 9; driving when lame and galled, 15; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 14; torturing, 2; driving when diseased, 2; cruelty in transportation, 4; defective streets, 1; abandoning, 3; general cruelty, 37. Remedied without prosecution, 42; not substantiated, 33; not found, 5; under investigation, 2; prosecuted, 11; pending, 2.

Animals killed, 33; temporarily taken from work, 24.

FINES.

From *Justices' Court*, Woburn, \$10.
Police Courts, Somerville, \$5; New Bedford, \$15; Lowell, \$5.
District Court, Westborough, \$200.
Municipal Courts, Boston, 2 cases, \$20; Charlestown District, \$40.
 Witness fees, \$14.

RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once, in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send their names or initials with their donations.]

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

G. J. F. Bryant, \$50; Theodore Lyman, \$50; Mrs. J. P. R. Daniels, \$25; Abby A. Judson, \$2; Jane R. Sever, \$11; Mrs. Geo. R. Russell, \$100.

TEN DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. M. H. M. Thompson, Mrs. J. E. M. Safford, Sarah B. Morton, Leverett Saltonstall, Marianne Ropes, "G. H."

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Christian Unity Society Sunday School, S. S. Houghton, W. C. Harding, Mrs. M. A. Keene, Liverus Hull, Louise Norcross, Samuel L. Crocker, Henry Day, S. E. Sewall, John C. Ropes, Benjamin Thaxter.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

T. R. B. Edmonds, Wm. Hichborn, Alonzo Meserve, A. Waterman, Charles E. Daniels.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

"A friend," "Stoncham."

"A friend," 90 cents.

CHILDREN MEMBERS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Annie G. Loud.

SUBSCRIBERS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.

M. B. Perrin, Mrs. R. P. Johnson, Geo. E. Carter, Mrs. D. L. Winchester, Mrs. C. W. Wetmore, S. Weld, Joseph L. Keith, D. F. Page, James N. Brown, Miss S. R. Bowles, A. W. Austin, John Farrington, Mrs. J. A. Palmer, Mrs. R. S. Williams, A. B. Lamberton, Wm. E. Connor, F. E. Howard, O. Little, W. N. Hanson, Susan L. Sawyer, Mrs. Wm. M. Henry, E. W. McGregor, John F. McClure, James A. Leonard, J. B. Cassidy, Samuel T. Crosby, Lovejoy & Sons, Josiah L. Hale, Mrs. J. Altar, Jacob Horton, Lydia T. Baldwin, Oliver S. Strong, Anna S. Harris, Clara F. Berry, James P. Hart, Mrs. James P. Hart, C. R. Byram, Wm. Patterson, J. H. Rand, Wm. Ashby, John K. Gray, Mary S. Ellison, Geo. E. Cordwell, Miss Vary, J. G. I. Windship, N. P. Brown, Frank Mansfield, J. Huff Jones, Mrs. J. L. Stanton, C. Haskell, Mrs. J. C. Jordan, Mrs. H. S. Josselyn, Mrs. Willard Nye, Geo. H. Eager, R. B. Forbes, R. F. Perkins, Cone Library, J. T. Sutherland, \$8; E. J. Gerry, \$3.

What the English say about Judges.

A judge is bound to remember that though it rests with him to inflict either the maximum penalty prescribed or anything short of it, the intention of the Legislature in appointing a maximum penalty is, that it should be inflicted in all flagrant cases. What would be thought of a judge who habitually dismissed men convicted of homicide only short of murder with the very lightest sentence for manslaughter? Yet a magistrate who punishes a case of aggravated cruelty by a fine instead of by imprisonment, or by a fine of one pound instead of by a fine of five pounds, is acting in the same spirit. When Parliament says that any man who shall cruelly beat or ill-treat any animal shall pay a penalty not exceeding five pounds it prescribes in effect a graduated scale of fines of which the lighter are to be reserved for lighter offences, and the heavier to be assigned to more serious offences. A magistrate who inflicts a fine of two pounds, and accompanies it by a statement that it is one of the worst cases that ever came before him, flies directly in the face of the statute.—*Animal World.*

ONE of the most cheering possessions in this world is the knowledge that near you is a congenial soul,—one that sympathizes with your aspirations and can fly with you into whatever realms of conjecture and imagination you may have a fancy for.

If there had been more donations, these lines would not have been needed!

Children's Department.

The Squirrel.

[From "Our Dumb Neighbors," published by S. W. Partridge & Co., London.]

In my humble opinion, the squirrel is by far the most interesting and beautiful pet of which I can form a conception.

But I should like my darling always to continue tame, roving in the garden and the shrubbery, and not to be fastened in a little circular cage, only maintaining its equilibrium by violent leaps, living a life something like that of a prisoner on the treadmill at Brixton. All the wild, ravishing grace of a squirrel's movements depends upon his freedom from constraint.

The squirrel takes tremendous leaps for an animal of so small a size. I have sometimes seen it flinging itself from tree to tree, at such a giddy height as to be in danger of death every instant. Yet I never found a dead squirrel on the ground, dashed to pieces by making a false step; though he has not the thin, flexible parchment-like membrane of the flying squirrel, yet he manages to extend his legs and feet laterally in such a manner, and so to stiffen his tail that he materially softens his fall to the ground.

Squirrels are the most difficult things in the world to catch. When the sun is hot, the active little creature lies quietly asleep in his nest, which is generally placed in the fork of some lofty branch, or in the decayed hollow of a tree, completely out of sight. There nestles our little brown beauty, his bright, keen eye closed, and his bushy tail wrapped round him like a blanket. In the early, cool morning he sallies forth to procure his simple breakfast of nuts, acorns, fruits and seeds, and in like manner when the shades of evening gather.

The squirrel is an example to the housewife going to market, and of a schoolboy buying fruit in the street; as the nuts grow ripe on the trees he examines them with a critical eye. He rejects every unsound nut. He quickly discovers if it has a hole in it. When he has found a nut that just suits him he takes it in his forepaws, seats himself daintily on his hind-legs with his tail for a cushion, and then, lifting the nut to his mouth, chisels out the tip with his incisor teeth. He next breaks away the shell, divests the kernel of its husk, and enjoys the inside with the gusto of a connoisseur.

He seems to find equal pleasure in gnawing through the shell of a filbert, a walnut, a chestnut or an acorn.

A MAN left a bony steed in Louisville, recently, and, coming back a short time afterward, discovered that a funny youth had placed a card against the fleshless ribs bearing the notice: "Oats wanted—inquire within."

THE SQUIRREL.



The Yellow Bird's Nest.

BY JAMES H. HARDY.

He skipped about in the aspen tree,
And talked to himself and blinked at me;
And all the trembling foliage through,
He scanned me with a bird's-eye view.
His under dress was satin of gold,
And over his back in graceful fold,
He flapped the skirts of his fine black coat,
And darted aloft, repeating his note—
"I cheat-ed-ye! I cheat-ed-ye! I cheat-ed-ye!"

I watched his flight, as towards the dell,
His graceful motions rose and fell;
A flutter or two—an upward glide,
Then folding his pinions close by his side,
He fell in a wave of the calm sweet air,
With never a flutter and never a care;
Then mounting again on vigorous wing,
His heart gave vent in graceful swing:
"I cheat-ed-ye! I cheat-ed-ye! I cheat-ed-ye!"

The aspen leaves rocked lazily,
As he scanned me again with his keen black eye
"You can't cheat, for I see the nest,
Warned by your sweet-heart's downy breast—
"Way up in the crotch of the aspen tree
I know the wealth of your birdlings three;"
I turned the joke on the gaudy cheat,
And took up his song and began to repeat:
"I cheat-ed-ye! I cheat-ed-ye! I cheat-ed-ye!"
—Nursery.

[For "Our Dumb Animals."]
Our Boy's Owl.

Some time since, a little boy, while at play in an orchard, found a small owl which was disabled so that it could not fly. He brought it carefully home, placed it in a large cage, gave it plenty of water, and fed it on various kinds of food, but principally meat, of which it was very fond. The owl was not much larger than a pigeon, and of a yellowish-white color, with rings of brown feathers round the eyes. The beak seemed hardly large enough to admit a small cherry, yet when a dead mouse was given him, he swallowed it whole without apparent effort. I had often heard the saying, "He looks as wise as an owl," but never realized its truth before. He would fix his large, round eyes on me with a steady, searching glance, which seemed to read my inmost thoughts, and would wink now and then, in a most knowing manner. He liked very much to have his head scratched with the back of a case-knife, and it was a comical sight to see him enjoying this luxury. He would sit on the perch in his cage, with his big, round head bent forward to get the full benefit of the scratching, and would slowly open and close his eyes, as a cat does when you gently stroke her head. I paid him several visits and became much interested in him.

LITTLE words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the dearest loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds.—*Child's World.*

Little Girls' Fair.

A WORTHY EXAMPLE.

Our treasurer has received the following letter:

BOSTON, May 12, 1874.
MR. GREELY S. CURTIS, Treasurer.
DEAR SIR:—Enclosed please find (\$14.50) fourteen ⁵⁰/₁₀₀ dollars, the proceeds of a fair in Dwight Street by three little girls, nine and ten years of age, which they wish to donate to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

CARRIE E. CLARK,	52 Dwight St.
MARY W. MANSFIELD,	50 "
CARRIE C. DIX,	53 "

A MAN once saved a very poor boy from drowning. After his restoration he said to him,—
"What can I do for you, my boy?"
"Speak a kind word to me sometimes," replied the boy, the tears gushing from his eyes. "I ain't got a mother like some of them."

Bobolink Music.

Robert-of-Lincoln came. Bobolink is a very dandy-looking fellow, proud as a belle who has danced with the Prince of Wales or the Duke Alexis. He has a habit of singing his rattling notes in the air, and hovering until his rollicking solo is finished; or, if he commences his song on a stake or tree, he never rises until the music is completed. When Bob had nearly reached the tree his mouth opened, and he threw out notes without measure, rapid and jingling as a sleigh-bell waltz. The tinkling notes struck and rebounded, tumbled, rolled, and slid, and all the while the little wings were fluttering in the air as if they were working the bellows of the organ he was playing. What he said it is almost impossible to tell you, for he talks faster than almost any bird that flies, and runs his words together as I have heard school children sometimes; a habit well enough in birds, but very bad for readers and speakers. Many writers have tried to imitate his song. Bryant and Irving both give him a prominent place in their written picture galleries. When I was a boy on a farm we used to call him the corn-planting bird, and as we read his song he said, "Dig a hole, dig a hole, put it in, put it in, cover't up, cover't up, stamp on't, stamp on't, step along." He wore his parti-colored suit, the main portion a genteel black, a little whitish yellow powder in his hair, as if he had poked his head into a lily sometime and carried away the pollen, and a shoulder-strap of the same on each side of his neck, proving him a brigadier in the army of peace. In the autumn the bobolinks go South on a furlough, take off their gaudy uniform, and put on suits of rusty black, change their name, become either reed birds or rice birds.—*Hearth and Home*.

HIS OBJECTIONS WERE RESPECTED.—Four prominent horsemen of Providence started with a horse and carryall to ride down to the races at Washington Trotting Park Wednesday afternoon. On Market square their horse decided that he didn't want to go, and he could not be coaxed or whipped into going any way but backwards, and the driver didn't want to go that way to a trotting-match. Dr. Scrutton, the "horse-doctor," came along and tried to reason with and coax the stubborn steed to go along quietly down the Pawtuxet pike and give the men a chance to see the trot. But he would not budge an inch ahead until he was backed round and pointed towards the stable, when he trotted off lively enough, showing that he was not opposed to going on general principles, and only balked on going to races, where his kind are sometimes cruelly abused. His objections were respected, he was put back in his stall a victor, and another horse with less moral principle took the party to the race.—*Providence Journal*.

At the burning of the house of Alderman Block of Fredericton, N. B., occurred the following incident, which is worthy of record, as showing the fidelity of a Newfoundland dog, the property of Mr. Block. The noble brute, with almost human instinct, made his way into the house by tearing out the panels of one of the doors, and aroused the family by his barking, and then ran to the stable-door, which he endeavored to open, so that the horse, his almost inseparable companion, might escape. There he remained struggling, though every effort was made to entice him away, and, when the fire went out, he was found lying dead at his post.

The art of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from very common things. If we pitch our expectations high, if we are arrogant in our pretensions, if we will not be happy except when our self-love is gratified, our pride stimulated, our vanity fed, or a fierce excitement kindled, then we shall have but little satisfaction out of this life.

An Oriole.

How falls it, Oriole, thou hast come to fly
In tropic splendor through our northern sky?

At some blithe moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,

Yearning towards heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?—*Atlantic*.

Humming-bird's Umbrella.

In front of a window where I worked last summer was a butternut tree. A humming-bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely, as we could look right into the nest from the window. One day there was a very heavy shower coming up, and we thought we would see if she covered her young during the storm; but when the first drops fell she came and took in her bill one of two or three large leaves growing close to the nest, and laid this leaf over so it completely covered the nest; then she flew away. On looking at the leaf we found a hole in it, and in the side of the nest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to or hooked on. After the storm was over the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry.—H. A. in *Am. Sportsman*.

(NATICK, MASS.)

Daniel Webster

Was a farmer, and took delight in country things. He had a patriarch's love of sheep. Choice breeds thereof he had. He took delight in cows. He tilled paternal acres with his own oxen. He loved to give the kine fodder. It was pleasant to hear him talk of oxen; and but three days before he left the earth, too ill to visit them, his oxen lowing came to see their sick lord, and as he stood in his door, his great cattle were driven up, that he might smell their healthy breath, and look his last on those broad, generous faces that were never false to him.

What an affecting scene is here described! Daniel Webster loved these animals for their own sake and not for their value in silver or gold. He loved to feed them with his own hands in order to witness their happiness while satisfying their hunger and to win their love for him. He loved to see them enjoying life in the rich green pastures appropriated to their use. "He took delight in cows," and loved to look into their gazelle-like eyes and read their fondness for him. They loved their kind owner, and no wonder that they came lowing, one by one, to see their sick lord! The Scripture says "The ox knoweth his owner." Then all these splendid animals, numbering between one and two hundred, knew Daniel Webster as they were driven up and looked on him for the last time, and who shall say that they did not miss him and mourn for him when he came to see them no more? No doubt this great man enjoyed more real happiness in the society of these dumb brutes of every kind on the Marshfield farm, than he ever realized in hearing the plaudits of his fellow-men as his eloquent words rang out in the Senate Chamber Hall of our great nation and thousands of worshippers were following in his train. He knew that fame is but a breath, and had learned by bitter experience that the most devoted of his worshippers might desert and betray him, but that not one of these guileless creatures would ever prove false to him. L. C. S.

IN YEDDO from the inner gate to the temple, the ground was covered with pigeons picking up the crumbs thrown them by the people. They are sacred and are not allowed to be molested, and so tame that they scarcely moved for us to pass.

STABLE AND FARM

Communicated.
Abandon the Whip.

The thought has often occurred to me, very forcibly of late, in consequence of my own experience, that the entire abandonment of the whip, in the driving of horses, would be a measure not only of kindness to them, but of signal benefit to the driver. I am sure that a horse will be animated or controlled much better by the human voice, when properly uttered, than by the whip. Even a so called vicious horse will yield much more readily to a kind word, than to a hard blow or sharp thrust. And I have no doubt that horses may be so trained when young, or so treated, if not previously trained, that a whip would always be an injury rather than a benefit in driving them. They surely distinguish between a hard driver and a gentle one; and their willingness to do their best may be more easily invited than compelled.

C. C. S.

Blinkers and Cruppers.

"I should like to appeal to the public on behalf of the abolition of blinkers and cruppers—two useless pieces of harness—which I think can be easily shown to be both painful and inconvenient to horses. The Midland Railway Company, probably one of the largest employers of horses in the kingdom, has for some time entirely dispensed with the use of blinkers; and cruppers, I am glad to see, are gradually going out of fashion, particularly with draught horses. The crupper frets and irritates an animal, and harness-makers tell me there would be no difficulty in contriving a substitute for it.

A horse's eye is a most beautiful feature, full of tenderness, fidelity and intelligence. With the free use of his eyes, the animal can readily interpret the wish of its driver and make the frequent use of the whip unnecessary. Blinkers often tease and distress an animal for a long time before it gets habituated to their use; for the eye looks sideways rather than forward, and the effect of the blinker is to force the eye out of its natural position.—*Corr. English Journal*.

Clipping Horses.

The discussion of the clipping question is resolving itself into its proper elements. When practised on the wrong class of horses, it is, no doubt, injurious, and therefore Mr. Bergh, knowing the stupidity of his fellow men, was perhaps in some degree justified in asking the legislature to pass a wholesale prohibitory law. Horses that are kept moving all the time while out-of-doors in cool weather may be clipped with advantage, but no clipped animal should be allowed to stand, even blanketed, in the cold. A Buffalo veterinary surgeon writes thus of the experience of the horse railroad companies in that city: "The clipping plan has been in operation on the Buffalo Street Railroad for some time, and with the best results. In January, 1870, a dun horse was observed to sweat profusely, and in a few weeks was unable to do more than one trip daily, and the latter part of that with great effort. Other horses made four trips. On examination, he was found to have an extra coat of hair. Clipping restored him to his former heavy flesh, and he was soon able to make four trips. Several others were then clipped, with good results. In the winter of 1871, one-half the horses at the Niagara street stable were clipped, and of twenty-two cases of inflammation of the lungs, twenty-one were unclipped. In the winter of 1872, all were clipped except those used for track-clearing, and this winter the entire number, 325, were clipped, without having a horse now laid up. Can any company having their horses unclipped show as good a result?"—*Christian Union*.

New Hampshire Heartlessness.

A gentleman—at least we suppose he was a gentleman—owned a horse that had served him faithfully through winter's snows and summer's heat for many years. By some misfortune he broke a leg, consequently was rendered unfit for further service. Instead of kindly and quickly putting an end to his suffering, the poor animal was turned over to the tender mercies of three boys. Providing themselves with an axe, and a large stake, they proceeded to drive the crippled animal nearly a mile, pounding him lustily with the stake when his sufferings made him halt, and even dealing him cruel blows with the axe. Arriving at the top of a rather steep hill, on the outskirts of the city, they contrived to throw the helpless beast down, when he rolled to the bottom of the hill where he lay at their mercy, when they proceeded to dispatch him with a degree of cruelty too fiendish to relate.

That such an act could take place in a New England city, unrebuked or unpunished, speaks volumes as to the apathy which prevails among our citizens on the subject of humanity. Where is that "Society" which one of our daily papers intimated not long ago was being started under such "happy auspices"? Or don't the gentlemen feel that the field is broad enough for them to use their powers in? Do they, "having eyes see not, and having ears hear not" the signs of suffering among the brute creation on every hand, and the daily exhibitions of cruelty in our streets? Gentlemen, now is the time to move.—*Cor. Manchester (N. H.) Dispatch.*

And the Massachusetts Society says Amen!

International Protection of Birds.

The first day of the Land and Forest Culture Congress at Vienna was devoted principally to a discussion of the question, "What measures should be adopted for the protection of useful birds?" It is a question which has become one of vital importance to European land and forest culturists, since in many countries vast areas of crops and forests have been ruined by the devastations caused by clouds of insects, such as chafers and moths, by caterpillars, by mice, and the hundred other species of vermin which multiply to an enormous extent when their natural enemies, the birds, are not at hand.

The resolutions of the Congress are as follows:—

The International Congress of Land and Forest Culturists assembled at Vienna resolve to petition the Austrian Government to secure the protection of birds, which are acknowledged as useful to land and forest culture, by international treaties with other States, under consideration of the following points as bases:—

1. The capture and killing of insect-devouring birds are unconditionally forbidden.
 2. It is desirable that a special list of the names of such birds as should be protected be published by an international commission, composed of men acquainted with the subject.
 3. The capture of birds which are for the most part grain-eaters shall be permitted from the 1st of March to the 15th of September.
 4. The capture of birds by means of slings and snares, of whatever kind, is totally forbidden.
 5. The taking of eggs and young, as well as the destruction of nests of all birds, with the exception of the injurious species, are forbidden.
- A list of all injurious birds shall likewise be published by the above named commission.
6. The public sale of dead or live insect-eating birds is forbidden at all seasons, as well as the sale of all other species of birds during the season of preservation. This prohibition likewise extends to the sale of the nests of said birds.
 7. Exceptions to these resolutions can be made at all times in favor of scientific objects.

It would be of the greatest advantage if our Agricultural Societies in this country would take more decided action in regard to the matter of protection of birds.—[Ed.]

CONSTITUTION OF THE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE 1. The title of this Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

ARTICLE 2. Its object shall be to provide effective means for the prevention of cruelty to animals, throughout this Commonwealth and elsewhere.

ARTICLE 3. There shall be nothing in its management or publications to interfere with its receiving the full support of all good men and women of all parties and churches whatsoever.

ARTICLE 4. The Society shall consist of Active Life Members, Associate Life Members, Active Members, Associate Members, Honorary Members, and Branch Members.

ARTICLE 5. Any person may become an Active Life Member of this Society, by paying to the Society one hundred dollars; an Associate Life Member, by paying fifty dollars; an Active Member, by paying ten dollars per annum; an Associate Member, by paying five dollars per annum; an Honorary Member, by being elected as such, and Branch Members, by paying to the Society any sum not less than one dollar per annum. Children under eighteen years of age may become Associate Members, on payment of one dollar per annum. Children may be made Branch Members on such terms as the Directors may decide.

ARTICLE 6. Active Life Members shall be entitled to all the privileges of the Society; Associate Life Members, to all its privileges except voting; Active Members, to all its privileges during the year terminating one week before the annual election of Directors; and Associate Members, to all its privileges during the same time, except that of voting. Honorary Members shall be entitled to all its privileges during the time of their membership. Branch Members shall receive all publications of the Society.

ARTICLE 7. The officers of this Society shall be a President, who shall be also actually, or *ex officio*, a member of the Board of Directors, Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, Treasurer, such number of directors as the Society may deem expedient, and such other officers as the Directors may from time to time elect or appoint.

ARTICLE 8. The Directors shall be elected by the Society, at its annual meeting; and shall hold office, except as hereinafter set forth, until their successors are elected.

ARTICLE 9. All other officers shall be elected or appointed by the Board of Directors; and shall hold office until their successors have been elected or appointed, unless removed by the Board.

ARTICLE 10. The Directors shall elect or appoint from their own number or otherwise, all officers of the Society heretofore named, and such others as they may deem proper, and shall specify the duties of said officers; and they may at any time remove the same, and elect or appoint others. They may fill vacancies in their own number; they may enact by-laws for themselves and the Society; make and establish all rules and orders for the government of the Society and its officers, and for the transaction of its business; remit the annual or other dues of any member of the Society; and, by a two-thirds vote, remove from their own body any member thereof, and from the Society any member thereof, when, in their judgment, the best interests of the Society shall require the same; and, generally, they shall, during their term of office, have the full and complete management, control and disposal of the affairs, property and funds of the Society, with full power, for the purposes for which it was incorporated, to do all matters and things which the Society could do; but, and except that they shall receive no pay whatever for any services rendered as such Directors, and they shall not incur, on account of the Society, any debt beyond the funds which shall be actually in the treasury during their term of office.

ARTICLE 11. The annual meeting of the Society shall be the last Tuesday in March of each year; and other meetings of the Society may be called at any time by the President, upon the written request of four Directors, by giving three days' notice thereof in two daily newspapers published in the city of Boston.

ARTICLE 12. The corporate seal of the Society shall be that already provided and presented to the Society by Mrs. Wm. Appleton.

ARTICLE 13. No alteration of this Constitution shall be made, except upon motion in writing, made at a meeting of the Society, entered on the minutes with the name of the member making it, and adopted at a subsequent meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

NOTHING hinders a person so much from being natural as the desire of appearing so.

Shipping Dressed Beef.

The shipping of dressed beef from Colorado to Chicago is a new enterprise, and it is claimed that it can become more profitable than such shipments from Texas. Refrigerator cars are indispensable the year round when the beef is started from Texas, on account of the warm climate; but they are needed scarcely more than six months in the year when the beef is started from Colorado, because the climate is so dry and evaporation so rapid that all meat soon acquires a thin, glossy coating which preserves it. Venison that was killed Nov. 25 in the Rocky Mountains arrived in Chicago Dec. 20, and the last was sold Jan. 8, perfectly sweet, thus remaining fresh 43 days, although the weather was uncommonly mild. In a humid climate meat rapidly accumulates moisture, and hastens to decay, and this almost irrespective of temperature, unless extremely cold. The profit of shipping dressed beef over live animals is manifest, for there is no freight on the offal, which is nearly one-fourth; neither are feed or care required on the way; while the shrinkage in transit, at least 75 pounds in 1,000, is saved. The Chicago butchers all say that Colorado and Wyoming beef will hang a week longer on the hooks without injury than Texas beef. Considerable opposition is manifested by the butchers of the East because nothing is left for them to do, and they have none of the profits on hides, tallow, and other offal; and some of the railroads are adverse, because they had rather ship live cattle than dressed beef. A car-load of dressed beef requires nearly two-thirds less space than a car-load on the hoof. The Kansas Pacific and the Hannibal and St. Joseph, however, are in favor, and they offer every facility. The principal obstacle at present lies in the event of a sufficient number of cattle being delivered at one point to make daily shipments, for hands must be kept employed, and all the appliances provided, which, to be profitable, must be kept constantly in operation. It would seem, however, that this drawback might be soon remedied.

SLAUGHTERING IN AUSTRALIA.—The Australian method of slaughtering bullocks seems to be an improvement on the usual mode. At Sidney the animals are driven by five at a time into the slaughter-house, where there is no person to be seen. While they are quietly staring around the strangely quiet apartment, a man silently passes above them, walking along the open beams which closely cross the house. He is armed with a lance with a point like a mortising chisel. One by one the beasts are pierced with this weapon just behind the horns; they drop instantly, and as soon as all are down, the other men waiting in the next apartment enter and bleed and dress the carcasses.

A STRONG mind always hopes, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to particular objects, and if, at last, all should be lost, it has saved itself its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul, is its best physician.

THERE is a wholesome tonic for all of us in the certainty, which is forced upon us, now and then, of the unknown, unmeasured resources of courage and heroism and unflinching integrity to duty which we find among what we choose to call the mass of the people. It is, after all, only when a man reaches the certainties of middle age that he is not surprised every new day by the knowledge of how admirable a crew has been put into the world for its long voyage; how many of the women are gracious and finely natured; how many men respond promptly to the call of honesty or duty or even self-sacrifice, because it is the simple and natural thing for them to do so.

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